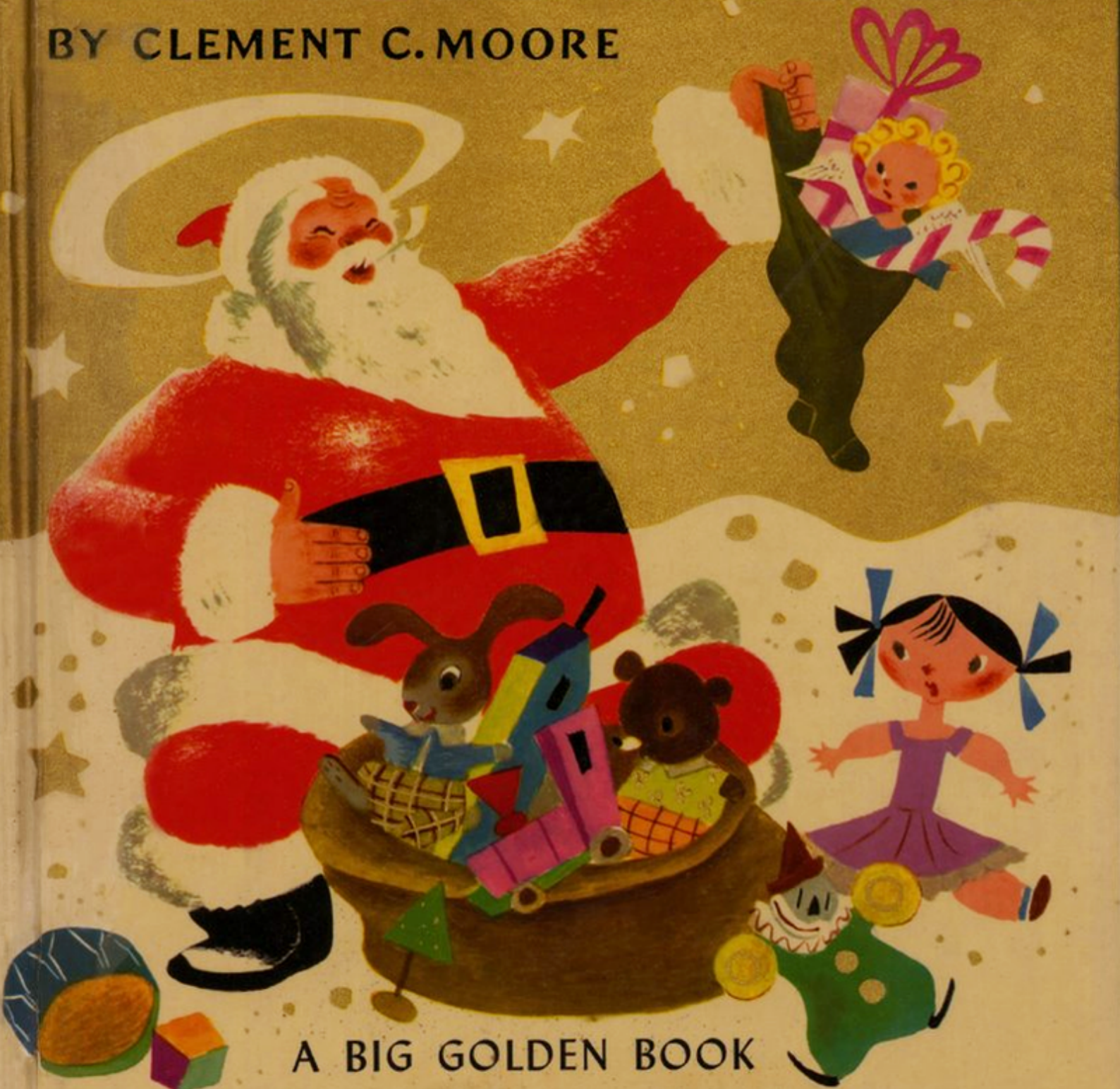
Tenggren's

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE



A BIG GOLDEN BOOK

The Night Before Christmas -
Clement C. Moore (Author)
Gustaf Tenggren (Illustrator)
Publication: New York: Simon and Schuster, 1951
Signed by Tenggren opposite the title page.

Notes: A picture-book edition of the classic Christmas poem, illustrated by the Swedish-American illustrator who remains best-known for his work on the Walt Disney movie Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

A Big Golden Book, 9 by 11-1/4 inches. [32] pages.

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- GoldenBookGal 2025

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Clement C. Moore

Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren

SIMON AND SCHUSTER • NEW YORK

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'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads;

And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick

I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas, too;

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the Chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a round little belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf.
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL

AND TO ALL

A GOOD NIGHT."